

The Dessert

TO THE TRUE AMERICAN.

No. 20.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1798.

VOL. I.

JULIUS AND MARIA.

IN the town of Calcutta, in the kingdom of Bengal before that country was annexed to the British empire, lived Monsieur de St. Pierre, a French merchant of great merit: he began the world with a small estate, and, although industrious and frugal, had never been able, through repeated losses and disappointments, much to improve it. This gentleman at an early period of his life, married the daughter of an eminent merchant of Marseilles, a young lady equally admired for her mental accomplishments and personal charms. The caprice of parents, or the love of wealth, were none of the motives for this marriage; it was their own free choice and of course they lived in a state of uninterrupted connubial happiness. In less than a twelvemonth they had a daughter, the fruit of their mutual love; and they now began to consider themselves as the happiest couple in the universe, when, alas! how unchangeable are all human pleasures, the wife was seized with a fever, in which she continued for some time in great agony, and then expired, leaving her hopeless husband to awake at his leisure from that dream of uninterrupted happiness they had promised themselves. Monsieur de St. Pierre continued inconsolable for some time, but, at last, conscious that his grief could be of no service to the dead, he resolved to banish melancholy from his house, and to bestow that care and attention on his daughter, which death had put out of his power to shew to his wife. For this purpose, as soon as she came of an age fit for receiving instruction, he considered with himself what education would be most proper both for her own happiness, and to render her agreeable to those around her. In the course of his observations he had frequently remarked, that children, either through the carelessness of teachers, their own inattention and want of thought, or from some other cause, often returned from a boarding-school very little improved, either in their morals or in their studies, (besides, in Calcutta, a boarding-school was entirely out of the question) he therefore determined to educate her under his own eye, and for that end used all his interest, which was very considerable, to procure proper teachers for her, sparing neither pains nor expence, provided they were to his mind. In this agreeable manner, did he, for several years, pass his time away, "teaching the young idea how to shoot;" and he had the satisfaction to find, that his daughter made a progress equal to his most sanguine expectations: add to this, that she possessed all the good qualities of her father, and the accomplishments of her mother. At this time there arrived at Calcutta a young gentleman from England, the son of a rich merchant there, who was about to

establish himself in a lucrative business in that city, through the interest of some powerful relations he had in India.

Julius, (the young gentleman) brought several letters of introduction from his friends in England, and, amongst others, one for Monsieur de St. Pierre; and that gentleman shewed him all the attention and civilities in his power. Knowing the characteristic of the British to be that of a generous people, de St. Pierre had long entertained a particular esteem for that nation: his house was at all times open to Julius, and he had not been many months there, when he contracted an affection for his friend's daughter, which, from an admiration of her virtues was soon converted into a violent passion for her person. Every day added fresh fuel to his love, and every day the more was he convinced of her merit. A thousand little attentions and civilities, for which the French ladies are remarkable, tended to keep alive his passion; and her father, who had long observed their growing loves, though for many reasons, he took care to conceal his knowledge of it, was by no means an enemy to the amour. Much about the same time, Maria, (that was the lady's name) received the addresses of Berinthius, another Englishman, and fully a match to Julius in point of fortune, but far his inferior in point of merit: proud, ambitious, and fullen; he knew no pleasure but that of indulging his passions, or gratifying his ambition.

To one, therefore, of such solid judgment as Maria, their different merits were very evident, and she soon declared herself decidedly in favour of Julius, and Julius, who had long pressed Maria to this declaration, was no sooner informed of her choice, than he immediately wrote to his relations in the other parts of India, requesting their consent, and they knowing the good character Monsieur de St. Pierre had always bore in Calcutta, and hearing of the merits of Maria, soon returned him an answer favourable to his wishes. The moment he received this agreeable intelligence, he ran to the lovely Maria, to inform her of his success. Maria received the news with equal pleasure, and the only thing they now wanted to complete their happiness, was, to gain the consent of Monsieur de St. Pierre. Maria had never given her father the most distant hint on the subject, and her fear of his displeasure at a courtship carried on without his consent, had long deterred her from mentioning it: however, as she was amusing him one morning, according to custom, with a few airs on the harpsichord; and finding him in a more than ordinary good humour, she ventured to enter on the subject, enumerating all the good qualifications of her lover, and knowing at that time her father's embarrassed situation, and the weight most old men lay on wealth, in love affairs, did not fail to mention the large fortune her lover was possessed of, and

finally concluded by saying, "that as Julius had gained the consent of his relations, she hoped her father would throw no obstacles in the way." The good old man listened with much attention to his daughter, and, seizing her in his arms, exclaimed, "My dear child, I have heard with rapture the observations you have just made; and although I have used great art in concealing my knowledge of your mutual passion, believe me I was by no means a stranger to it. His fortune, on which you seem to lay so much stress, pleases me no further than as it will be the means of promoting your happiness and independence; and, as his friends are agreeable to the match, you have my full consent and approbation. I have always esteemed his manners, and admired his virtues, and shall think myself much honored by the connexion." It is unnecessary to add, that this declaration was highly pleasing to Maria, and that she immediately communicated the same to Julius. Every thing was now settled according to their most sanguine wishes, and the day appointed to consummate their nuptials, when an affair happened which retarded them for some considerable time, and had nearly proved fatal to both parties. A few weeks previous to the period of which we are now speaking, some very serious disturbances had arisen between the natives of Bengal and the garrison of Calcutta; and several of the most respectable inhabitants, amongst whom was Julius (who had got much into the good graces of the governor) were sent as a deputation to the natives, to endeavor, if possible, to settle matters in an amicable manner. Such an honor done to so young a person as Julius, we may be sure, flattered his vanity not a little, and the only objection he could make, was, that it would procrastinate his nuptials with Maria longer than they had intended: however, with Maria's consent, and at the repeated solicitations of the governor, he set out, expecting to return at furthest in five or six weeks.

Berinthius, once more, in the absence of his rival, redoubled his assiduities; but Maria continued deaf to all his proposals, and he had resolved to abandon his pursuit for ever, when an accident happened which refreshed his hopes, and induced him to redouble his protestations. In the beginning of this history I informed the reader, that Monsieur de St. Pierre, though esteemed and respected, as he had never descended to those arts which disgrace too many Europeans in the Eastern world, had never been able to realize a fortune. He had, for some time past, suffered many considerable losses; and, having at this time received accounts of the failure of a British merchant, a gentleman in whom he had always reposed an implicit confidence, and who, at that time, owed him very considerable sums, he was unable any longer to conceal his situation from the world. To add to his misfortune, he had, some time

before, borrowed several large sums of Berinthus, who, hearing of these domestic misfortunes, again renewed his addresses, in the hopes that the fear of poverty might induce them to consent to a match which they detested; but, finding them resolute in their refusal, and sensible that de St. Pierre was then unable to satisfy his demands, he required immediate payment of the different sums he had advanced him, and added, that imprisonment would certainly be the consequence of non-compliance. Monsieur de St. Pierre said every thing he could to convince him of the impropriety of such a sudden demand, and of his inability to comply with it; but all to no purpose; and Berinthus left him in a rage, determined next morning to put his threats in execution. It is easier to imagine than to describe the situation of poor Maria at this moment, but her father seemed to give himself very little uneasiness on the occasion, endeavoring, as much as possible to conceal his own feelings, to alleviate his daughter's.

Next morning arrived, and Monsieur de St. Pierre arose at his usual hour, expecting every foot he heard to be the fatal messenger. He walked through the room for some time very much agitated; and, at last, calling a servant, desired Maria might speak with him. The servant soon returned with an answer, that his daughter was not to be found, and that she had not been seen that morning.

The old man, at this intelligence, concluding some misfortune must have befallen her, rushed into the streets, frantic with despair, questioning every one he met respecting his daughter, but no daughter could be heard of. At last, passing accidentally the house where Berinthus lived, he overheard a female voice calling for assistance; and, satisfied that it must be his daughter, he immediately, drawing his sword, rushed into the house, and flying to the room from whence the noise proceeded, was met by four natives, servants of Berinthus, who opposed his entrance; but de St. Pierre, become desperate, rushed upon them, and at last forced his way; but not before he had mortally wounded two of them, and disarmed the others. The lady was in fact Maria, and Berinthus, the moment he observed de St. Pierre, quitted her to defend himself. Monsieur de St. Pierre attacked his adversary with all the fury injured honour could inspire;—but Berinthus, who was young, healthy and vigorous, would have soon got the better of de St. Pierre, had not Maria, while yet the fatal sword was suspended to plunge into her father, rushed between them, and for a moment kept his fate suspended; and de St. Pierre, who now in his turn trembled for his daughter, by the most fortunate thrust in the world, not only saved Maria's life, but rendered his opponent unable to make any further resistance.

The room was now filled with people from all quarters, drawn thither by the clashing of swords and the shrieks of Maria, who seeing the danger to which her father was exposed, ran through the house, calling for assistance, and tearing her hair in all the agony of despair.

The wounds which Berinthus had received in this *recontre*, were much more serious than was at first apprehended; and, as fears were entertained for his recovery, de St. Pierre, by command of the governor, was taken into cus-

tody, to answer for his safety. Maria was now more inconsolable than ever, on seeing her father unjustly dragged to prison, and that too on her account: however, she determined, whatever punishment he might be doomed to suffer, they should suffer together; and she accordingly accompanied him to prison. Here Maria had leisure to explain to her father the circumstances of her appearance at the house of Berinthus. Morning no sooner appeared, than this virtuous young lady had set out, in order, if possible, to prevail on Berinthus to retract the sentence he had passed the preceding night against her father; and, as they had used every other means in vain, to try if he would yield to the intreaties of one he affected to admire; but the heart of Berinthus was proof against compassion and having never been able to gain her consent to marriage, had seized the golden opportunity to force her to his purposes, when her father so providentially arrived to her assistance. They passed the whole night in prison, without bestowing a single thought on sleep but ruminating on the occurrences of the day, and morning at last arrived, when the keeper came with the joyful intelligence, that Berinthus in consequence of his wounds had expired late the preceding night, but not before he had exculpated de St. Pierre in the most unequivocal manner; and, that to shew his sincerity the more, he had, previous to his death, caused the bonds he held of Monsieur de St. Pierre to be cancelled in his presence. The consequence of course was, that that gentleman was immediately liberated amidst the plaudits of the whole city. Affairs were scarcely settled in this manner, to the mutual satisfaction of all parties, when the disagreeable intelligence arrived, that the natives, in consequence of some recent insults they had received, added to the news of the murder of two of their number in the affair of Berinthus, had broke off all negotiations with the gentlemen deputed from Calcutta, and that their prince taking part in the affray had commanded that all Europeans residing in his dominions, should be immediately thrown into prison: he likewise gave notice, that next day he should bring to trial such of them as were within his capital; among which number Julius had the misfortune to find himself and his colleagues in clude.

The wretched Europeans now giving up every thing for lost, waited their sentence with great composure; well convinced that in that country their trial and condemnation were synonymous terms.—The fatal morning at last arrived, and the prince seated on his throne surrounded by his courtiers commanded the prisoners to be brought forth.—As they were just about to proceed on the trials, they observed amidst the immense multitude that surrounded them an uncommon noise and tumult; and the prince ordering immediate inquiry to be made into the cause of it, was informed that a European who had escaped the search of the citizens, stung with remorse for his crimes, now demanded to be brought before their prince: and to share the same fate with his fellow countrymen.—The stranger who by this time had reached where the prince was seated, falling prostrate before him thus exclaimed, "Mighty and illustrious prince, deign to listen to the intreaties of a wretch who has rendered himself un-

worthy to live, by taking away the life of his fellow creature. I am the guilty wretch who last night was the cause of putting to death two of your subjects; on me then inflict the most severe punishment, but spare these innocent men." The emperor astonished at the uncommon speech he had just heard, and revolving in his mind that nothing but conscious guilt could prompt one to such a confession, gave orders that the stranger who had by his own confession acknowledged himself unworthy to live, should be led to immediate execution; and that in the mean time the other prisoners should be remanded back to prison. The Europeans who were no less astonished at this transaction than the natives themselves, no sooner heard this sentence than their astonishment was changed into pity and compassion for one who had, with such heroism endeavoured to save their lives, and demanded a small consolation that they might be at least allowed to see their deserving countryman.

Julius who was amongst the foremost in this demand marched boldly forward, judge what was his astonishment, his surprise at seeing the face of the supposed stranger when he immediately recognized his lovely Maria! Forcing his way therefore through all opposition he seized her in his arms in all the transports of love and admiration and addressing himself to the prince, entreated that on him alone he might inflict the punishment of the law, but that the prisoner was entirely innocent. Finding however all remonstrances were in vain he told him that the prisoner now under sentence, was a woman, and of course unable to commit the crime alledged against her. The truth is, Maria, as soon as she found her father was at liberty, and getting acquainted with the dangers her lover was exposed to, immediately disguised herself, and entering the city while they were proceeding to the trial of the Europeans, was determined to use every effort to save him.

The prince, now more astonished than ever, at such a strange discovery, interrogated Maria on the inducement she could have to undertake such an adventure. Maria was not ashamed to relate the whole of the matter, and the prince was so pleased with the candid and simple manner in which she told it, that he immediately set them all at liberty; presented Maria with a purse of ten thousand rupees; concluded a peace much to the advantage of the English interest; and Julius and his virtuous Maria, having spent some days with the prince, returned to Calcutta, where they were received with the greatest joy, and soon after married. They lived happy together, and comfortable for a number of years, and were blessed with a numerous family, admired by the good, and envied by all—a pattern of virtue and constancy.

A N U T.

AN incident happened on a certain fast day, in one of the churches of the city of London, which affords a proof that people ought to put their words properly together, or keep them properly separated. While the parson was praying for the Queen and family, a dog in the church began to bark. "Beseech thee to bless our gracious Queen Charlotte,"—turn out that dog—"his Royal Highness, George Prince of Wales, &c."

ON GAMING.

"Oh, I have played the boy! Dropping my counters in the stream,
"And reaching to redeem them, lost myself."
Moore's Gamester.

THE play, from which the above is a quotation, may be deemed an excellent antidote to the poison which the pernicious vice of gaming secretly diffuses: slow, indeed, in its operations, but fatal in its consequences. Let those who are so unhappy as to labour under it, peruse the GAMESTER with due attention; they will there see delineated characters, which they are in the habit of meeting with daily. There are, no doubt, among these gentlemen, by profession, Beverleys and Stukelys: dupes and sharpers; a few, indeed, from whose breasts virtue has not yet totally fled, and who, although under the impulse of gaming, still retain some of their natural good qualities, yet not annihilated amongst the conflicting passions. The mind, however, naturally becomes blunted after the alternate and sudden changes from prosperity to adversity: and again, from bad to good fortune. These frequent and rapid changes must affect the mind—must deaden the good qualities of the heart, if not totally eradicate them. Disquietude of mind, bodily ill health, and premature death, are evils the next in succession arising from this fatal passion. And is this the goal which the GAMESTER, after the most indefatigable and severe exertions of the mind, which men of this description certainly sustain—Is this the goal which they have thus toiled to reach? and are these the rewards? The defeat of virtue, and the triumph of vice, the exchange of all that is amiable, for all that is odious in human nature. In short, for contentment and peace of mind, misery and remorse of conscience! But, in truth, such are the gifts which the DEMON OF GAMING bestows upon its deluded votaries. Surely we must deem such men to act, as it were, by certain rule and method, the part of a madman. Ask him, is it avarice that prompts him! No. He will tell you he cares not for money. What is it then allures him to an abyss, where inevitable destruction awaits him? He replies, it is the fashion of the day. Blush, O! Reason, since man who boasts to have you for a guide, can form such an excuse for yielding himself to destruction! In order to be termed a man of fashion, he has recourse to the hazard-table, where he soon falls into the snares laid for him; and play, from an occasional amusement, becomes a perpetual employment and fatigue; nor does he discover his error, until he has gone too far to recede. He becomes, at length, a professed GAMESTER, and associates with an infernal crew, who live in a constant violation of the laws. The desire of gain is solely prevalent in his mind. To the shrine of lucre, he sacrifices, both by day and night, the practice of virtue, and that peculiar happiness arising from a rectitude of conduct. He plunders the young and inexperienced with as much callous apathy, as his old and hardened fellows; and, to crown the whole, he in time makes as honourable an exit.

And shall this baneful indulgence then, which contains so many vices, be fashionable?

Is it fit that we, who boast ourselves to be civilized, should degrade ourselves in so unworthy a manner? No. Let reason re-assume her empire; let us cherish virtuous industry, and shew our abhorrence of GAMING, by expelling its votaries from Society.

DEFINITION OF WIT.

While you for reason sophistry admit,
And wander daz'd in a glare of wit,
Wit that o'er all a specious lustre throws,
And in false colours every trifle shews;
Righting the wrong, depreciating the right,
It hurts the judgment while it feasts the sight.
As in a prism to the deluded eye
Each pictured trifle takes a rainbow dye,
Inverted scenes in bright confusion lie,
And lawns impending shade the dethier sky.
No just no real images we meet,
But all the shining vision is deceit.

WIT by some persons is esteemed a lively imagination, fraught with images humorous and satirical; by others it is held to consist in a quickness of fancy, and a keenness of apprehension. But what is wit? that is the present question; to answer which, I would first observe, negatively, that it is not humour, it is not mirth, it is not lively fancy, or quickness of apprehension, but it includes all of them; and, positively, that it is a brilliant thought happily expressed. Dryden defines it a propriety of thought and words, or thoughts and words elegantly adapted to the subject. Hence, then, it appears plainly to be an utter stranger to all obscenity, levity and ill-nature. Mr. Locke describes it as consisting in the assembling of ideas together with quickness and variety, wherein may be found any resemblance or congruity, making up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy. Whence it is evidently no friend to personal satire, ridicule, or contumely; in a word, true wit includes all such pleasing observations and remarks as delight and surprise at the same time.

False wit is only another term for meanness, scurrility and low humour; it too frequently lights on the defects of nature, or subjects of indecency, and generally betrays a shallow understanding, a degenerate taste, or a trifling spirit: a true wit is a man of genius, education, sentiment, and acuteness; and, so far from being severe on the natural failings of others, or giving the least encouragement to indelicacy or unmanly reflections, he always approves himself the friend of virtue, humanity and good-breeding. According to Mr. Addison's opinion, "Good-Sense is his father, Truth is his grandfather, and Mirth and Good-Humour are his chosen companions."

—THE MORALIST.—

Judge not, that ye may not be Judged,

Was the saying of him who never spake amiss. This cautions us not to believe every thing we hear, or tell every thing we know, if it is in danger of hurting the good name of a fellow-creature. A tattler is one of a bad character; tattling dishonors God, hurts mankind, and does not profit the person. How careful then should we be, of the character of others; knowing that God also will judge us; and remembering also our own imperfections, and that a good name is what we hold most dear.

If we have true charity to mankind, it will lead us to do to them as we should wish them to do to us. And by thinking of our own character, we should learn how to judge others.

An elegant METHOD of obtaining very exact and pleasing REPRESENTATIONS of PLANTS.

[From the Naturalist's Pocket-Book.]

TAKE the plant of which you wish to obtain a representation, and lay it on some sheets of blossom or blotting paper; and having properly displayed the leaves and flowers, so as to lie in the most advantageous manner, lay some more of the same kind of paper upon it, and a large book, or some other convenient weight upon it, in order to press it with a gentle degree of pressure. In this state let it remain two or three days; then remove the upper paper and see whether the plant be sufficiently firm or stiff to bear removing. When this is the case, smear over every part of the plant with ink, made by dissolving a quantity of Indian ink in warm water; then carefully lay the smeared side on a piece of clean and strong white paper, and covering it with a piece of the blossom or soft paper, press with the hand on every part, and rub it uniformly over. After remaining some time longer, remove it from the paper, and a distinct and beautiful impression will remain; far exceeding in softness of appearance (if well conducted) and justness of representation, even the most elaborate and highly finished engraving: it is only to be lamented that in this method of figuring plants, some of the minuter characters of the flower must unavoidably be expressed indistinctly: these, however, as well as any other minute parts which may not have been impressed with sufficient sharpness, may be added with a pencil and Indian ink. Sometimes a small press is made use of in this process; and various compositions may also be used as well as Indian ink; viz. a kind of fine printer's ink, composed of lamp-black, with linseed oil, &c. The figures may occasionally be coloured afterwards, in the manner of engravings. Their great merit consists in so happily expressing what botanists term the habit or true general aspect of the natural plants; a particular in which even the best and most elaborate engravings are found defective.

Hall of Hymen.

—MARRIED—

—On Friday evening the 16th inst. by Mr. Keen, Mr. AZEL YARNELL, to Miss MARTHA HIBERT, both of Willston township, Chester county.

Repository of Death.

—DIED—

—On the 20th inst. after an lingering illness of seven weeks of an inflammation of the liver, Mr. JOHN BOYS of this city, merchant, of the house of Boys and McCallmont.

—On Sunday morning the 18th inst. Mrs. CATHERINE MAN, after a short illness.



FOR THE DESSERT.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARY-ANN LANGDALE.

— "Death beckon'd"—

A worm, to riot on a rose so sweet,
Unfaded ere it fell, a moment's prey."

Dr. YOUNG.

When solemn thoughts assail the feeling heart,
On transient life, and death's unerring dart;
When fresh examples urge the subject home,
And busy fancy strives in vain to roam;
When dying groans and piercing cries ascend,
From a fond parent and endearing friend;
Thence, rapt grandeur pulls the aching sight,
And steadfast gloom usurps the vivid light!
At such a time ignoble pride expires,
And fair religion lights her sacred fires.

Alas! she's gone forever from our sight,
Her eyes expressive seal'd in endless night.
Unpitied death destroy'd her vernal bloom,
And mark'd with iron hand, her early tomb.
Such virtue claims the ardent meed of praise,
And sacred stamps the consecrated lays.
Alas! how few can boast her spotless fame,
Or leave like her a fair unfulfill'd name.

N.

WERTER'S FAREWELL TO CHARLOTTE.

"Sunt lacrimae rerum: et mentem mortalia tangunt."
Virg. *Æ.* 1. 466.

THE confidant's o'er—ah! lovely maid, adieu!
Before these sad, these parting lines, you view;
Before the fields with early dawn shall bloom,
Your Werter rests beneath the silent tomb:
No more to view the beauties of the day,
No more to listen to thy heavenly lay,
To sit, in transport, and to hear thee talk,
Or with thee wander, in an ev'ning walk,
Along the margin of the winding flood,
Thro' the green fields, or in the shady wood.

O! Charlotte! when you see the floods arise,
And wintry storms descending from the skies,
The watry gloom that fills the plain below,
And all around, one dreary waste of snow;
Wilt you not then, a sigh in sorrow heave,
For the lost pleasures of a summer's eve,
Recall the time when you so oft have seen,
Thy hapless lover on the verdant green,

Or thro' the vale approaching from the grove,
To view thy charms and pine in hopeless love,
Gaze on thy angel form, for without thee,
The world appear'd a boundless blank to me.
As when to seamen, from the midnight skies
The moon's bright beams in brilliant glory rise,
To guide them wand'ring thro' the wat'ry plain,
Or land them on their native shores again;
Thus, Charlotte, I no other joy could see,
Than pass the vacant day, and gaze on thee,
Live in thy joys, or in thy sorrows die,
"And drink delicious poison from thine eye,"
As the lost insect round the taper flies,
And courts the fatal flame by which it dies.
But, Charlotte, now those fleeting joys are fled,
And Werter sinks among the silent dead
From the bright hopes of life forever gone,
His mem'ry lost, and e'en his name unknown,
The time shall come, when in the vacant mind,
The fondest friend no trace of me shall find;
When e'en my kindred my sad fate shall hear,
And view my mould'ring grave without a tear,
Think on the light impressions of the mind,
Which flee as midnight dreams, and leave no trace behind.

This eve I wander'd thro' each beautiful scene,
Each fertile valley, and each level green,
Pensive and sad I view'd the foaming flood;
And the wild winds disturb the silent wood.
Beheld the sun's great orb, in glory bright,
Descend behind the western surge in night;
While on the hill to see its beams, I stood,
And view'd it sinking in the briny flood,
I felt my heart with double sorrows press'd,
And life's last hope desert my throbbing breast;
The world's vast scene forever clos'd from sight,
And all involv'd in one eternal night.

Ah! shall I ne'er again thy image know,
In these sad realms of misery and woe,
Or is there yet a place in heaven design'd,
For hapless mortals by th' eternal mind,
Some winding valley, or some shady grove,
Some blissful mansions in the realms above,
Where Charlotte's shade and mine may one day meet,
Our sufferings ended and our bliss complete,
In the bright regions of eternal light,
Where all is perfect joy and pure delight.

When in the summer's eve you chance to stray
Thro' the low vale, or on the broad high way,
Or in the church-yard, thro' the shady trees,
You hear the whistling of the midnight breeze,
Wave the high grass, in solitary gloom,
Around the heap that shows thy lover's tomb—
Ah, then will you not one sad thought bestow,
On him who could no greater blessing know
Than pass the hour in fleeting joys with thee,
Gaze on thy charms and watch thy wand'ring eye,
Observe the beautiful image of thy mind,
Disclose a soul for heaven alone design'd,
Or view thy distant form amidst the trees,
And thy white tresses floating in the breeze;
Or see thy fingers strike, with tender lays,
Such notes as birds in heaven alone can raise;
Such notes as Orpheus' self might learn to hear,
And force from Pluto's soul the melting tear.
Yes, Charlotte's self, my sad remains shall see,
And Charlotte's tender heart will heave a sigh for me.

ON FASHIONABLE VISITS.

AMONG the many ridiculous and frivolous customs that obtain in this city, I know not one more reprehensible than that which is adopted by people in fashion, when they are disposed to be repulsive to the visits of those, who, out of civility or ostentation, are induced to leave a card, where they are not expected to be admitted.

The evidence of a witness, involving either life, character, or fortune, is, under these various assumptions, of so much consequence to the community in general, and to the individual in particular, that it is with difficulty admitted, in trials of importance, without the corroborating testimony of some man of known and established veracity.

As truth, therefore, in the great concerns of life, is so obvious and momentous, why should it not be made respectable in those subordinate branches of society, in which a fair name and honest dealings make up the aggregate of the peace and sustenance of life?

To tell what is vulgarly called a white lie, is considered, by many, not as a breach of moral integrity, but as a species of wit; and as it does not immediately apply to the prejudice of individuals, it is suffered to pass by unobserved; but from habits apparently inoffensive may not an unguarded expression escape to wound the feelings or excite the passions of the captious and discontented; and what was only meant, in the hour of conviviality and friendship, as a joke, to awaken mirth and hilarity, be productive of replication, quarrels or disgrace?

Without entering at large, upon a subject, upon which so much may be said, I shall confine myself to the first proposition of these remarks, which was simply intended to be levelled against, what I call, a vice, in people of fortune.

There is a dissimilarity, a verbal fraud in directing your servant to declare, without mental reservation, that you are not at home, when he knows that you not only are, but that orders have been given to admit some, and reject others. If you expect veracity from a domestic, upon some occasion, you ought to exact it upon all; and if he be found guilty of a falsehood, where you only expected the truth, you are accountable for his deviation, who taught him transgression as a duty.

From small inferences great conclusions may arise; and to petty errors misdemeanors may succeed. If bad habits be taught by the masters, the servant should not be arraigned for that misconduct which has been the result of example. If the former be profligate, the latter has an excuse, from precept, to copy his transgressions; but if he should strike out of the road that is obvious, because its wanderings are not adapted to his disposition, it must argue a turn of mind that is superior to contagion: but, alas! among the needy and dependent the struggles of virtue are indeed rare, when opposed to the allurements of depravity.

SAMUEL F. BRADFORD,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.